

TRAVELERS' RAILWAY GUIDE.

Central Vermont Railway.
Trains leave Barre for White River Junction and Boston, and for New York, at 8:30 and 11:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Also leave Barre for White River Junction, Boston, New York, Springfield and New York at 5:45 p. m.
Trains leave Barre for Burlington, St. Albans, Montpelier and New York at 8:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m. and 5:45 p. m.

Montpelier and Wells River Railroad.
Trains leave Barre for Wells River, connecting at that point with trains going both north and south, at 7:30 a. m., 12:30 and 1:30 p. m. The 7:30 train connects with train for Boston, and 1:30 for Boston, Burlington, Albany and New York. Also leave Barre for Wells River, Albany and New York at 5:45 p. m.

Electric Street Railway.
Cars leave Barre for Montpelier at 10 minutes of and 15 minutes past the hour. Leave Montpelier for Barre at the hour and half hour until 10 p. m.

KILLED HIS SON-IN-LAW.

Wealthy Georgia Planter was Enraged Over Marriage.
Carrollton, Ga., Feb. 7.—In a duel with pistols fought here yesterday, T. R. Johnson, a wealthy planter, killed his son-in-law, Henry Camp. The duel followed the elopement of Camp with Johnson's 18-year-old daughter four days ago. Johnson swore he would make his daughter a widow if he ever met Camp. Yesterday Camp and his bride were driving to church when they met the girl's father. Johnson immediately began abusing Camp and dared him to fight. Johnson's first shot struck Camp in the heart and he fell dead. Johnson was not wounded. Mrs. Camp will prosecute.

President Helps Orphans.

Hundreds of orphans have been helped by the president of the Industrial and Orphans' home at Macon, Ga., who writes: "We have used Electric Bitters in this institution for nine years. It has proved a most excellent medicine for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. We regard it as one of the best family medicines on earth." It invigorates all vital organs, purifies the blood, aids digestion, creates appetite. To strengthen and build up pale, thin, weak children or run-down people, it has no equal. Best for female complaints. Only 50c at the Red Cross Pharmacy.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health—keeps you well.

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, mayor, Girard, Ala.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulator operates easily, tones the stomach, cures constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.
Red Cross Pharmacy, E. A. Brown, C. E. Kendrick & Co., P. Davis, George L. Eason, J. D. McArthur, W. H. Miles & Co., McCallister Bros., D. C. Howard, J. A. Cummings, J. W. Parmenter.

Green Cut Bone and Meat for Poultry.

We are now shipping green cut bone and meat—an unexcelled cold weather poultry feed. Our price is only \$3.50 per barrel of 300 pounds. It is prepared to nearly all points. The material we offer is fresh-cut and is shipped thoroughly frozen. At above price, we cannot afford to open any accounts. Send cash by registered letter, post office or express money order, or personal check. Address, mentioning this paper, Carroll S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt.

McCURRIE

The Custom Tailor is making preparations to handle a share of the Spring trade.

Wood! Wood!

Until further notice chair wood will be sold for \$2.25 per load.

ARTHUR S. MARTIN, Telephone 53-3, 43 Park Street. Orders may be left at City Fish Market and J. H. Griffin's store.

"40 More Days of Winter"

—are assured by the proverbial ground hog. It is well not to lay aside your winter flannels, or to put off ordering that extra ton or two of coal until the snow is deep and the cellar windows frozen, to the detriment of all parties concerned. Egg, Stave or Nut Coal, \$8.50 a ton. (25c discount for cash in ten days) ORDER NOW.

Telephone—Office, 237; Shed, 13-11
Morse & Jackson
200 No. Main St.

RANDOLPH.

Death of Mrs. Elijah Flint Occurred Saturday Morning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Flint passed away at 4 o'clock Saturday morning after a long illness. Deceased had been ill for a year or more and early last summer underwent a severe surgical operation at the sanatorium, from which she practically recovered, but soon grew weaker, and for the last few weeks has suffered severely from what was thought to be a nervous trouble. This culminated in spinal meningitis. Deceased was about 40 years of age and was the daughter of Mrs. Ross Loveland of Northfield. She is survived by her husband and two children, besides her mother and two sisters, Mrs. A. C. Cook and Mrs. Fred Royce of Northfield.

C. E. Hebard went to South Royalton Saturday for a brief visit.

Mrs. Norman Greene is still quite ill at her home on Summer street, with no improvement in her condition.

C. W. Proper and Mrs. Dana Chadwick were in Bethel on Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Clarence Chadwick.

Eight Odd Fellows from the local lodge went to Bethel to conduct the services at the burial of the late Clarence Chadwick on Saturday.

Principal E. G. Ham gave the scholars of the Bethel Sunday school a pleasant evening at the parish house on Friday evening. A candy pull furnished amusement and refreshment for the company, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The ladies of the Relief corps to the number of 33 journeyed to the home of Mrs. Frank Fish on the Soper farm on Friday afternoon, where they were royally entertained by the hostess. The trip was made in double teams and private conveyances, giving all the benefit of a sleighride.

At a recent meeting of the Sanatorium Aid society, held at the home of Mrs. E. O. Blanchard, the following were selected to act as nominating committee to present names for officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. Bertha Nickerson, Mrs. A. E. Bass, Mrs. J. W. Raymond. An amendment to the constitution was also prepared by Miss Annie Walsh and Mrs. W. R. Sargent, whereby two new officers would be needed, those of assistant secretary and assistant treasurer.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Philletta (Mills) Udall, whose death took place on Friday morning, was held from her late home on Sunday afternoon, Rev. Dr. A. L. Cooper officiating, and Rev. J. W. Chesbro assisting in the service. Deceased had reached the age of 75 years and was widow of the late Rev. Xenophon Udall, an active minister in the Methodist denomination for 25 years. For about 30 years the family had been residents of town. Mrs. Udall's death having occurred in October, 1907. Deceased is survived by two children, Nelson W. Udall and Mrs. Charles Reynolds of this place. Deceased is also survived by two brothers, John Mills of Craftsbury and Henry Mills of Albany, this state. The friends of Judge James Hutchinson will regret to learn that his condition has assumed a serious state and that in answer to a telegram his brother, Lyman Hutchinson, has gone to Washington, D. C. It is understood that his condition is very critical.

LONG RECORD OF OFFICIALS.

National Bank of Newbury at Wells River Has Several.

St. Johnsbury, Feb. 7.—A president, who is entering his 74th year of service, a vice-president, who has been officially connected with the institution for 31 years and one director, who has been in office since 1878 is the record of the National Bank of Newbury at Wells River, a record which is unequalled in Vermont and probably in northern New England. These officials have grown old with the institution and are as active in its interests to-day as they were when they and the bank were younger.

In 1873 Franklin Denning became a director of the bank and since that time he has seen the capital stock increase from \$150,000 to \$300,000, with a surplus of \$75,000. He was elected president in 1891. Alexander Cochran was born in Byegate May 21, 1835, and lived in that town for 55 years, when he moved to Groton, where he has his home for 17 years. He has since resided at Wells River. He was elected director of the bank in 1897 and since 1901 has served it as vice-president. He is also a director in the Merchant's National bank at St. Johnsbury, the Capital Savings bank at Montpelier and the Montpelier and Wells River railroad.

John Bailey, who has been connected with this bank as director since 1878, was born in Newbury village January 20, 1822. For the past nine years Mr. Bailey has held the office of president of the Wells River Savings bank. In 63 years the bank has had only three cashiers, showing that the history of this institution is marked by long terms of office.

IN LOVE AT 74 HE MARRIES 72.

215 Total Years of Newlyweds and Minors.

Northland, Me., Feb. 7.—When Erastus G. Rollins was married here to Mrs. Clementine P. McIntosh by the Rev. W. O. Holman Saturday, the combined ages of the three totaled 215 years. The minister and the bride are 72, and the groom is 74.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollins have left on their honeymoon, which will be passed in Massachusetts. Mr. Rollins returned here from California a few months ago and fell in love with Mrs. McIntosh. Just before they were to be married he learned that a former bride, who had deserted him while he was a young man in the West, was still living, so that the wedding had to be postponed until a divorce could be obtained.

SHAFTING KILLS BOY.

Tool Sharpener in Quincy Granite Works Caught While at Work.

Quincy, Mass., Feb. 7.—Vittorio Grillo, 16 years old, of 78 Teller street, was caught in a shafting at the stone works of the Quincy Adams Granite company in Quincy, Saturday afternoon, and was whirled around the shafting with such force that nearly all the bones in his body were broken before the machinery could be stopped. One foot was broken off, and the lad died almost instantly. He was employed as a tool sharpener, and was near the big grindstone, which is turned by power, when his clothing was caught in the shafting.

WOMAN WANTS

TO BE GOVERNOR

Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker of Dover Announced Candidacy for New Hampshire's First Place.

Concord, N. H., Feb. 7.—The announcement of Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, a Dover lawyer, leader in the suffrage movement and a well-known disciple of Ingersoll, that she is to come forward as a candidate for the governorship of New Hampshire has created a sensation which, sweeping from one end to the other of the Granite state, is unprecedented in the history of New England politics. Wealthy in her own right and just now sojourning in California, her telegram, briefly couched but filled with a volume of meaning, when made public last week in Dover, started discussion throughout New Hampshire, which just now is without record.

By this extraordinary announcement, the out-and-out calculations of the Granite state machine leaders have been smashed to smithereens.

A new and alarming problem has been added to the perplexing old one of seeking out a fitting and suitable winner in the next coming Republican race.

Already there is said to be a large following of both Democrats and Republicans, who have heard and hailed with joy the advent of the fair sex into New Hampshire's politics.

In the cities of Nashua, Portsmouth, Manchester and Dover, little else is being discussed among politicians, other than Mrs. Ricker's novel announcement.

The question is being repeatedly asked whether there is a chance that a woman can legally be elected as governor.

Mrs. Ricker announces herself as a candidate on a woman's rights platform. She was reared on a New Hampshire farm, and at the age of 16 graduated from Colby academy. In 1892 she was married. Six years later her husband died, leaving her wealthy in her own right. Her only brother was killed during the Civil war.

Left a widow at 28 with means, she concluded to travel. She went to Germany and France, where she remained two years. She has also traveled all over her own country, too, and a few months ago was engaged in mapping out a trip around the world, which, on account of her candidacy for the governorship, she will probably abandon. Mrs. Ricker is the first woman who ever attempted to vote in this country—in 1870 when she fortified herself by preparing a constitutional argument for the selection of Dover, which closed with these words: "So long as women are hanged under the laws, they should have a voice in making them."

For a number of years past, she has paid her taxes under protest, which are filed away in the archives of the collector's office. Her last protest, showing any visitor to his office, reads as follows: "Taxation without representation is tyranny. I hereby protest against the injustice of being compelled to pay taxes without having a vote to protect my property."

(Signed) "Marilla M. Ricker, 'Dover, N. H.'" Her existence, though unusual, is not eccentric or exclusive. Through her practice she brightens the lives of many in the community where she is. She atways take a personal interest in the people around her. She is very fond of children. "I think we should all work for equal suffrage, and I trust the time is not far distant when no man or woman will oppose it in New Hampshire. I want New Hampshire to be the banner state of the East on the equal suffrage question. It would do more toward settling our state firmly on its political axis than all outside influences combined have been able to do in that direction," was one of the recent utterances of this woman candidate for governor.

SMOTHERED IN SAWDUST.

Burlington Boy Met Death in Peculiar Manner.

Burlington, Feb. 7.—George, the eleven-year-old son of Rev. Dr. George V. Bliss, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, met death Saturday afternoon in a peculiar manner. With William Buckley, a companion, about the same age, he visited the home of H. H. Wheeler at South Burlington in the morning and spent the day with Carl Wheeler. The boys were playing in a pile of sawdust, when Bliss fell into a chute leading to the ice house. His lungs filled with fine dust and sand. He was extracted soon and thought little of the ill effects. Later in the day he became worse and died. The boy was unusually bright and promising. His parents are prostrated.

Colds Conquered Means Sickness Saved

Anyone interested in the cure of Consumption, should get one of the booklets telling of recoveries by the use of Eckman's Alternative.

Coughs, Stomach Colds and Pneumonia may be the beginning of more serious troubles. Eckman's Alternative is the effective remedy. Take it in time.

Saratoga, N. Y., May, 1906. Gentlemen: For five or six years I was troubled with cough and expectoration. My case was declared Consumption by my doctor. After taking Eckman's Alternative, which was recommended, I was entirely cured. (Signed) Adolphus James W. Keady. Eckman's Alternative is good for all throat and lung troubles, and is on sale at Red Cross Pharmacy and other druggists. Ask for booklet of cured cases, or write to Eckman Mfg. Co., Phila., Pa.

Farm and Garden

MAKE YOUR OWN CALABASH.

Any Farmer Can Grow the Gourd and Transform It Into a Pipe.

Do you want a calabash pipe? If so, you needn't pay a dealer from \$5 to \$12 for one. Grow it and make it yourself. After you have grown the gourd you can make the pipe in about half an hour at a cost of half a dollar. So says the bureau of plant industry at Washington. And your homemade calabash, if you take proper pains in the making, will be just as artistic and satisfactory as the expensive imported one.

The calabash is made from a South African gourd. Until recently this gourd was not grown elsewhere, but the American consul at Cape Town,



CALABASH PIPE GOURDS.

H. L. Washington, sent some of the calabash seeds to the department of agriculture in 1906. Since then the government has discovered by experimentation that the calabash will grow almost anywhere in the United States.

The gourd seed is planted about like melon seeds and at the same period. It grows luxuriantly, each vine producing many gourds. Not all of them are suitable for pipe material. Many are blighted by insect bites or other causes. Most of the gourds crook their own necks in growing. If the grower wants a pipe neck with artificial kinks he can get what he wants by bending the pliable neck in the way it is desired for it to grow and then waiting until the gourd matures.

Cut off the big end of the gourd at the point indicated for your pipe bowl's top. Clean out the pit. Cut off the neck end and make a little hole with your knife blade. Get a curved pipe mouthpiece with a screw thread. One from any old pipe will do, but it should be carefully boiled beforehand to cleanse it from nicotine deposits.

Screw the thread into the opening in the neck of your gourd. If you want an inner pipe bowl that can be taken out for cleaning, you can buy a cheap one, such as is used in meerschaums, at a tobacco dealer's store. A little plaster of paris poured into the calabash bowl and the inner bowl then pressed down flush with the top of the cut off gourd will make the inner bowl fit snugly. Don't leave it in the plaster of paris more than three minutes when setting, for if you do it will set hard and be permanently stuck. Take it out after two or three minutes, when the plaster is partly dried.

After the plaster dries thoroughly put the inner bowl back, get a pipeful of good tobacco, light a match, place



CALABASH PIPES.

the bit in your mouth, puff away and dream dreams of auld lang syne or castles in the air. You are now a calabasher, qualified and passed by the United States government.

Uncle Sam says the farmers must not imagine that they can make a big income by growing calabashes and selling the gourds for pipe material. Gourds are imported now at 25 cents to \$2 a dozen. It is the necessity of hand work in making the pipes that causes them to be expensive when you have to buy them. No two gourds are of the same shape or size. Consequently all the cutting and fitting must be done by hand. It is worth while for a smoker to have a pipe which he has made himself.

Hope.

"Say, pop, I've got to write a composition on 'Hope.' What is 'hope,' anyway?"

"Hope, my boy, is the joyous expectation of being able to dodge our just deserts."—Life.

CITY MEN FOR FARMS.

Many Would Make Good Hired Hands if They Had Chance.

Many farmers throughout the country find it a difficult matter to get hired hands, while in the great cities there are thousands of men out of work. The problem of inducing some of the down and out of city life to go out on the farms is claiming the attention of social students.

A commission of the New York legislature recently has been making an inquiry into the matter, though it has not taken up the subject exhaustively. John Mitchell, the noted labor leader, was present at one of the sessions and made suggestions.

The chief trouble seems to be that those in the cities who are always deep in poverty know nothing of country life, seldom if ever having seen the green fields. They were born to their conditions and know nothing else.

Thousands of these men, no doubt, if they should be taken out and given jobs on farms would return to the city as soon as they earned money enough. That is because the city sights and sounds have become second nature to them. They would pine for the fifth and furor of their native element.

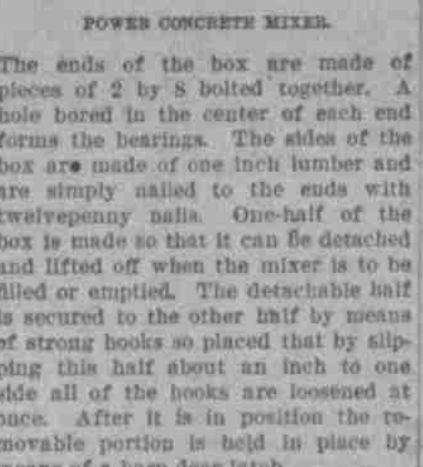
But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that many men in the cities would welcome a chance to get away to the country for themselves and their families and would develop into excellent farm hands. The problem is to put these men in touch with farmers who need them.

POWER CONCRETE MIXER.

Homemade Device That is Useful on the Farm.

Of interest to farmers who need cement for any purpose, such as laying doors or walks or making posts, is a bulletin issued by the Colorado experiment station which tells of mixing concrete by machinery and prints the accompanying illustration of a homemade mixer, which is described thus:

Two pieces of 4 by 6 form the sills. Upon these two, uprights about three feet high are fastened. A one and one-half inch pipe passes through holes bored in the top of the uprights. Upon this pipe the mixing box is turned, and through the pipe the water is added to the mixture at the desired time. The water is poured in at the top of the upright pipe and flows down and out through holes which are drilled in the lower side of it. The other end of the pipe is closed by a wooden plug.



POWER CONCRETE MIXER.

The ends of the box are made of pieces of 2 by 8 bolted together. A hole bored in the center of each end forms the bearings. The sides of the box are made of one inch lumber and are simply nailed to the ends with twelve-penny nails. One-half of the box is made so that it can be detached and lifted off when the mixer is to be filled or emptied. The detachable half is secured to the other half by means of strong bolts so placed that by slipping this half about an inch to one side all of the hooks are loosened at once. After it is in position the removable portion is held in place by means of a barn door latch.

The driving gear is simple, but very effective. It consists of the rim taken from the wheel of an old rubber tire buggy. With the tire removed the grooved rim makes a very satisfactory wheel upon which to run a three-quarter inch rope belt. The belt is driven by a small sheave pulley, which is fastened to the countershaft. A belt tighter is used upon the rope, and by using a very loose belt the tightener is made to act as a friction clutch. This particular mixer is driven by a two horse gasoline engine, which is belted to the countershaft. The engine runs continuously, and the mixer is started and stopped by means of the belt tightener.

Many other systems of driving might have been used in place of the rope belt. The main gear of an old self binder makes an excellent gear for a mixer. An old mower gear may also be put to good use in this connection. It is not necessary to have the mixer driven by an engine or horse power. A crank may be attached and the machine turned by hand. Many prefer turning such a machine rather than mixing the concrete with a shovel.

Orchards Worth \$1,000 Per Acre.

A feature at a recent fruit show was an exhibit of Nova Scotia apples and a printed statement showing the profits of fruit growing in that province, especially in the Cornwallis and Annapolis provinces. The average estimate of cultivating, fertilizing, spraying and pruning per acre was \$25, and the cost of picking and packing the fruit is estimated at 50 cents per barrel. The yield reported from eight to ten orchards shows an average for the past five years of from 100 to 165 barrels of shipping apples per acre, sold at an average price varying from \$1.90 to \$2.50 per barrel during the five years. The gross returns per acre range from \$100 to \$304 and the net returns from \$117 to \$219. The average net returns for all the orchards for the five years were \$174 per acre, a sum sufficient to pay 15.75 per cent on \$1,000. Accordingly a valuation of \$1,000 per acre for these orchards seems not excessive.

Record Corn Yield.

In a corn growing contest in North Carolina 227 bushels were grown on one acre. It is believed that this breaks official records in this country.

THE KING'S GRANT.

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Henry VII., victor in the wars of the roses, having been crowned king of England, was about to march from Bosworth field to London to assume the government of the kingdom. He called to him young Wilfred Boyington, who had fought bravely during the battle, and said to him:

"There is an estate some twenty leagues from here that belonged to one of the staunch adherents of my enemy and is therefore forfeit. Its owner, Sir Charles Beauchamp, lies dead yonder among the slain."

Then, directing the young man to kneel, the king laid his sword on his shoulder and said:

"Rise, Sir Wilfred, and take possession of this forfeited estate."

"Now?" asked the young man, astonished.

"Now if you like, but do not fail to join us before we march."

"And that is—"

"Tomorrow at cockcrow."

Furnished with parchment signed and sealed by the king, Sir Wilfred rode to the Beauchamp estate. The recent owner's widow was so overcome by grief at her husband's death, of which she had just heard, that she could not see him. She therefore sent her daughter Ethelreda, a girl of nineteen and fair to look upon. Sir Wilfred showed her the king's grant. Beyond a shiver there was no indication of her feelings.

"The king's will is indisputable," she said calmly. "The estate is yours."

The young man was about to withdraw when the girl said to him:

"May I please you to inspect your estate?"

Sir Wilfred had no especial desire to see his new domain at that time, but to be shown about by this girl, whose presence affected him with a desire to know her better, was another matter. "I must join the king at dawn tomorrow," he said. "Meanwhile I would be pleased if you will show me as much of the estate as there is time to see."

The lady retired and presently appeared in the courtyard, where she mounted a horse that stood ready for her, and the two, followed by attendants, rode away to inspect the estate.

"The estate is very large," said Sir Wilfred after they had ridden miles in one direction.

"It is," she replied. "You possess a noble domain. It belonged to a Saxon baron and was given by the Conqueror to one of his adherents. I have always felt that an injustice was done which some day we would be called upon to expiate."

Sir Wilfred said nothing. These transfers from the weaker to the stronger were in those days common, and he had no idea of giving up so splendid an estate from any qualms of conscience. But he revered the innocence of the girl from whom he was to take it, thinking that if she desired to win him to decline it she should have taken him over a part of it, letting him believe that it was a small estate.

And still they rode on. The sun went down, but the full moon rose. Under the soft twin light of night and day Ethelreda was very beautiful. Sir Wilfred had no thought of turning back. To ride over an estate fit rather for a duke than a knight in company with so beautiful a companion was delightful. Once and only once he had evidence of the struggle going on within her. He caught a ray of moonlight reflected from a tear.

Men are less prone to realize their

feelings than women. Sir Wilfred was falling in love, but he was not aware of it—at least he was not aware that he was falling in love with Ethelreda. He supposed he was enchanted by this splendid estate. So he rode, conscious only of a faint regret in his heart that he was to dispose so gently a being as she who rode beside him, but not a whit bent on resigning the property. Suddenly in passing through a hamlet a bell struck the hour of midnight.

Sir Wilfred was astonished. So happy had been that when the bell began its strokes he supposed it would strike the hour of 9, when all good people were supposed to be in their homes. He drew rein suddenly.

"How far have we come from your castle?" he asked Ethelreda.

"Twenty leagues."

"Twenty leagues! And I rode twenty from the camp! Forty leagues! Heaven! Four hours to ride forty leagues! No horse will do it! I am ruined! The king will scorn my excuses!"

The last few words were a moan.

"But you possess a fine estate," said Ethelreda.

"I would give it all for a horse capable of taking me back to camp by sunrise."

"Done!" said Ethelreda, throwing off her lethargy. "A knight cannot go back on his word. On a farm near by is the 'white horse,' the pride of our family, the fastest in all the country around. Give up the king's grant and I will conduct you to his stable."

Sir Wilfred took out the parchment, hesitated but one moment, then tore it in pieces. Ethelreda put spurs to her horse, and he followed her. She soon stopped at a barn and led forth a milk white steed. Sir Wilfred mounted him and went like the wind to camp, reaching it just as the troops were beginning to move.

Thus by an artifice of a young girl a fine estate was saved. But Sir Wilfred acquired it at last, for he could never forget the girl who had outwitted him, and as soon as he could get away he paid her a second visit and in time won her for his wife.

Why Hail Would Not Do.

When N. O. Nelson, the poet sharer, decided to transfer his co-operative business from St. Louis to the country he looked about carefully for a favorable location. His personal friend Dr. Edward Everett Hale accompanied him on one of his tours in search of this. A site was chosen, and a name for it was then in order. Among others, Hale was considered, but rejected because, as Mr. Nelson said, "the name differs from its distinguished owner in being only four letters long, while he is six feet four or thereabouts." So Leclaire was chosen in honor of the pioneer French profit sharer.—World's Work.

Sprinkling a Trestle.

A wooden trestle on the Klamath Lake railroad, in Oregon, is protected from fire in the dry season by a system of sprinklers which keep it continually wet. A pipe runs the entire length of the trestle between the tracks, and at short distances are holes through which the water is sprayed over the structure.—Popular Mechanics.

Insult Upon Injury.

"And to make matters worse," complained the employee who had just been blown up by a premature explosion in a quarry, "when I claimed damages the foreman called me a blasted fool."—Lippincott's.

Bind together your spare hours by the cords of some definite purpose.—William M. Taylor.

Bright and Steady
The Rayo Lamp

A bright and steady light depends upon the construction of the lamp.

The best skill has put forth its best effort in perfecting the Rayo Lamp.

As the air is fed to the flame—so does the light burn. The easy-flowing current of air through the air-tube of the Rayo Lamp secures a uniform light, with never a flicker or flare.

The ideal family lamp.